The Hunt

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The Hunt

by sonofthemoonandsun

Summary

He's been watching you for months; calmly, intensely and fiercely. You're distraught, but you know he can't reach you. But when the creature escapes containment, will he show you any mercy?

Notes

Story originally posted on my tumblr (@amisunderstoodgoddess), but I decided to open an account here to share it with as many people as possible.

English is not my first language.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

'ALERT: Specimen 375-6 is out of containment.

It's not training. All search and capture units were activated.

ALERT: Specimen 375-6 out of containment.'

You swallow hard as you read the warning message on your phone, the words falling over your body like a truck of bricks.

He had escaped.

The creature you knew and didn't know.

It was yet another top-secret government item, another non-human biological material captured and kept for research.

He stands out from the others, of course.

With his height, intimidating physique, and obvious intelligence, but you never actually approached his cell, only catching brief glimpses from afar as you did your job collecting and saving data from the scientists' research in the system.

But you always felt something strange in the rare moments you needed to approach the cell block he was in.

He kept to the back, using the shadows to stay hidden. And yet there was one thing that caught your attention, regardless of how dark the place was.

His eyes.

Two orange spheres, standing out like beacons in the night.

He remained basically the same every time you entered that part of the building. Sitting on the floor with his legs half bent and his wrists firmly restrained by chains resting on his knees, you couldn't make out the color of his scaly skin or his features in general, but the color of those eyes shone like neon lights in the darkness of the cell.

He looked at you, every time.

It was disturbingly intense. There were no blinking eyelids or shifting gazes, he stared at you with unwavering focus from the moment you entered the lab until the moment you left. His eyes…they shone with intelligence and superiority. Like he's just there because he wants to be there, not because he was captured. He owned everything he laid eyes on. The rational part of your brain screamed, 'Look away! Run away!' but those eyes seemed to want to capture your soul with each encounter.

All your co-workers had noticed the strange fixation that the creature seemed to have on you, but you always denied it, diverting the subject while saying it was just their imagination.

Deep down you knew it wasn't.

You saw the way his unsettling gaze settled on your form, felt the shiver run down your spine at his gaze and yet - even now, you could still feel that warm buzz inside at the memory of his burning gaze locked on you.

You could admit that it wasn't healthy to feel any level of curiosity towards a murderous monster who was obsessed with you. It was scary.

Your only consolation was that he was tightly contained with the best technologies the government could dispose of.

But he always seemed very calm to you, as if he were above all that. In a confident and almost arrogant way, in the way that only people who have a coldly calculated plan are.

Now he was free.

And you had a horrible feeling that you knew exactly who he was going after.

You quickly walk down the street towards your house. Your heart beats fast, the gentle breeze brushes your warm skin and your loose hair. The canopy of trees above and the few lights along the main path cast their shadow in the opposite direction as you walk faster and faster.

At the end of the street, your eyes notice movement, something large and slow, moving behind a row of parked cars. It's not completely unusual for pedestrians to be out so late - after all, you're here, right? - but your stomach drops a little, very consciously. Something instinctive warning you that it is smart to be afraid.

By the time your trajectory takes you past the line of dark vehicles, the street is once again empty and you allow the hairs on the back of your neck to rise with relief. It was probably just some insomniac suburbanite, taking out the trash or smoking a cigarette on the sidewalk.

Rows of closed windows stare at you blankly as you pass by, colonial houses with sagging porches and overgrown backyards, the residents of the peaceful neighborhood sleeping soundly within the comfort of their homes.

A noise breaks the silence: a loud, prolonged rumble, followed by an inhuman whine, an undeniably animal sound.

There's a single lamp behind you that puts an enormous silhouette into sharp relief, but you can still easily see his solid, dangerous structure.

Your knees threaten to give way, your throat burns as you try to take a deep breath, fear leaves you numb and clumsy in exactly the least desired way at the moment. You don't think, not really, you just act. Getting to the house across the street is like running a marathon, and raising your fists to knock on the door, swing the doorknob, requires a huge effort against the adrenaline that makes your hands shake uncontrollably. "Please help me!", your voice is

hoarse, your throat is tight, it's not loud enough, no matter how much you want to scream - it's like you're trapped in a nightmare where no one can hear your screams for help. "Let me in, please, I-"

The door swings open under the weight of your fists, and you almost fall to your knees at the abrupt movement. You don't have time to think, to weigh whether this would be the smartest choice compared to the others, you don't know if he's clinging to your back or if there's still a safe distance between the two of you -

You just enter.

The realization of the terrible mistake you made dawns on you in the space of a few minutes of panting breaths.

The living room is empty, strangely enough, not that you really have time to think about it. A staircase appears in your field of vision, and your panicked animal brain sends you toward it, taking two steps at a time, crossing a long landing and climbing to a second floor, holding on to the railing like a wooden board salvation. "Someone please!" You manage to scream, "Please, someone! I'm being followed, call the police!"

The police couldn't help you, and if you were thinking clearly you would know that. No one, not even the army, could help you against this thing.

Yet there is no voice responding, no shuffling human movement, no clicking light. And then you see the paint cans, the tarp, the door off its hinges and against the opposite wall.

This house is under construction.

Nobody. No lights. Without help.

Spinning on your heel, you stagger back toward the stairs. But there is no more time. The door you left ajar in your moment of despair lets in a pale beam of moonlight through the unfinished wooden floor of the foyer, and you watch in mute horror as a shape fills it - huge, so tall that he has to lower his head past the doorframe, a brick wall of an alien assassin wearing a metallic mask. The soulless black holes of the visor, poor excuses for eyes, stare back at you.

Alone, in an empty and unfamiliar house. Your heart pounds in your chest, bile rising in your throat - you're trapped.

You know it. And he knows it too.

The creature walks with slow and determined steps towards the end of the stairs. You briefly, wildly consider waiting until he reaches the landing and then throwing yourself off the balcony. You can survive.

The thought makes you feel like a panicked rat, chewing on its own leg to get out of the trap.

Of course there's also the possibility that you'll break every bone in your body and die from sheer stupidity - which may be preferable to death by those sharp claws on his massive hands, but at least the latter you'll be able to escape. If you can keep your wits and your legs under you, you might be able to outwit the Predator. Evade the trap.

You almost want to laugh at your own delusions of salvation.

Your unsteady feet drag back without your eyes leaving him, but with every slow step you take back he takes one towards the stairs. The silver rays of the moon bathing his reptilian-looking skin, highlighting his entire body dyed in a singular tone of obsidian, with some lighter variations on the abdomen and in some internal points. Thick, long tendrils of 'hair' flow around the mask and over his broad shoulders, adorned with gold and silver metal beads. One of his hands - oh, huge and with long, sharp black claws - seems to want to reach out towards you, but the creature holds back for some reason, preferring to continue with the strange war of glances.

It seems that in his escape from the laboratory he recovered some of his things: in addition to the mask, he wore the wrist gauntlets, the net that covered his body, the strange piece of cloth wrapped around his hips decorated with bones and skulls, and the metallic protectors on the shins. The metallic chestplate and combi-stick weren't visible, you can't tell if he managed to recover it or not.

Regardless, he was infinitely more frightening now that you can see him outside of containment; big and broad, a solid wall of defined muscles. But it was his posture that unnerved you. The roll of his shoulders, the tension in his arms. The almost imperceptible flex of his calf muscles, as if he was preparing to jump - just waiting for a movement from you to attack.

He reaches out, this time to his own face, grabbing the metal there. Air pressure is released when the metal mask is removed.

You hold your breath.

His face was lighter than the rest of his body, a slightly grayish tone with some black streaks mixing with the dreadlock-like hair on his head, a few black barbs framing the sides of his face and along his elongated forehead. There were, of course, those flaming eyes you already knew. Instead of lips, he had four folded jaws with long teeth at the tip of each of them. Inside those jaws, you could see more of his teeth, smaller but more numerous and frighteningly sharp.

He moved his jaws as he climbed the stairs with purposeful slowness, his massive size making the stairs creak, strange clicks and rumbles emerging from his mouth.

You gasped in response to his face, shaky and scared, your backward steps continuing until your back hit the wall.

End of the line.

If you ran you would have to turn your back on him, and you couldn't do that. Never turn your back on a predator, everyone knew this rule.

It was as if you were in a horror movie or a nightmare, where you could only watch without any reaction as the monster approached. The predatory way he approached awakened the primitive instinct to flee, but your legs were shaking too much for that.

You pushed yourself further against the wall, even though there was no longer any space. It looked like he wouldn't stop walking, that he would simply knock you into the wall, but at the last second he pinned you against him and ice-cold wood at your back.

The air was knocked from you, hands flat against his chest instinctively as a way to get some distance. Even under the net, his skin was clearly much warmer and firmer than your own, smooth in some places and textured in others, the latter matching the gray patterns that spread across his extremities. He smelled mostly of moss and damp, like a forest after rain. But there was also a muffled current of pheromones, a slightly peppery scent that hit you like a tsunami.

In fact now that you felt it, it felt heavier and heavier by the second, as if he was exhaling on purpose. With each inhale, that smell seemed to make you a little more relaxed, a little more dizzy.

It took a few seconds for you to realize that he was even closer, hovering above you, his breath hot and wet, stirring your strands of hair. A gasp left your throat as his sharp jaws dove down, digging his nose or whatever it was into your hair to press into your neck - though you didn't know if that sound had been out of terror or something else. All you knew was that when he backed away, another low, animalistic growl resonated from deep in his chest, long and continuous and it took you a few awkward seconds to realize he was...purring? Purring like a cat? It was bizarre, but your own body began to uncoil, as if some force tied behind you sternum had pulled your back with him.

Your breathing is now labored for what seems like an entirely different reason. You can increasingly smell that intoxicating scent in the air and that, plus the mesmerizing purr, is making your eyes roll back slightly, a blurry haze taking over your thoughts. You can feel his sharp claws as they dig into your shirt and you, in turn, can't control the shudder in your body in response.

His scent is doing something to you, something that definitely shouldn't be happening. There's an overwhelming pressure blooming in your core, the beginnings of a dull ache that makes you clench your thighs to ease the tension. The saliva in your mouth comes down with difficulty as you swallow and lick your lips, stretching your neck to look into his eyes - god, you could barely reach the line below his chest with your head. What's happening with you? He is not human, he is not human. This is wrong.

"..." His jaws click and move, strange sounds fill the room with deep growls and hisses; he was talking, but you couldn't understand him. His eyes roam your face as he speaks his strange language, and his thumb gently wipes away a tear you hadn't even noticed falling from your eye.

You open your mouth to question, to scream for help, to beg for mercy, for anything...but nothing comes out.

His breath is hot as he bends his body until he's almost face to face with you, all predatory expression and clicking jaws, almost drooling on your skin. And then, as he forcing the words out of his depths, he says, “Mate.” He declares to you, slowly and gravely in a way that no human sound could ever be, but a little more understandable now.

You look at him in shock, not expecting a deep, English word to come out of his alien mouth. His inhuman eyes are bright enough that you clearly see the orange flames in the dim light of the night, slashed down the center with black, almost feline pupils that threaten to drag you inside.

Mate.

What the hell?

You blink slowly, the low rumble persisting as he purrs under your attention and you can tell he's trying very hard to appear less threatening to you. You bite your lip against a hysterical and completely untimely laugh that wants to escape, the tension of fear finally channeling into something different (something manic and traumatized) when he presses his broad forehead to yours in a frighteningly intimate gesture, tilting his head even further to rub your cheeks with those sharp jaws, snorting into your hair and sniffing at your neck.

The drag of the deadly fangs against your skin is exhilarating, in the worst way and you fear what is to come, a very animal and very instinctive part rooted in the most unconscious corner of your being, knows exactly what this creature is wanting from you. And the worst part, the most disturbing and embarrassing part of this realization, is that you don't know if you want to resist. Not with the way his scent and purrs are making your legs shaky and your mind fuzzy.

You're shaking, but it's not just from fear and perhaps the creature knows this, because he pulls back a little until he looks into your eyes - something very carnal and very primal vibrating almost visibly beneath that reptilian skin.

He slowly looks away from yours to fiddle with something on his wrist, and you feel like you can breathe once again without the oppressive weight of the orange orbs on you. He clicks the object on his arm for a few moments and then pulls a small metal disk out of it. It's no bigger than a small cell phone chip, and he balanced it on his fingertips.

Curious, you lean in a little. You just want to take a look at what he's doing; but before you even know what's happening, the giant puts his hand around your throat and pulls you towards him. You scream at the hostile action and try to fight him, but of course it's no use. With his strong hand, he can easily subdue you and move your head to the side, pressing the metal thing against the skin just behind your ear in a quick, burning blow.

You don't have time to react, much less to understand how he did that at that speed.

You just feel the effect.

It burns, like you're being branded, and you scream. Your whole head hurts, and for a second you wonder if he hit you against the wall in the process. It's a wrong and distorted feeling, like someone is tuning a radio inside your head, you hear screams and white noise echoing inside; so loud that you have to cover your ears with your hands, but that does little to decrease to the cacophony inside your mind.

When the alien releases you, you kneel on the ground, still writhing in discomfort and pain from the chaos in your head – and then, suddenly, everything stops. You're panting, your fingers covering your ears and your head between your knees, but when the noise quiets, you slowly look up. And although you are dizzy and a little disoriented, the presence of the creature hovering ominously above you is clear.

“W-what was that?” you mumble between quick breaths. "What the hell did you do to me!?"

The alien blinks slowly and tilts his head, jaws clicking before he responds. "Now we can talk."

Your eyes widen at the strange sound (but fluid and articulate, very different from just a few minutes ago), your stomach tightens and you pull your knees closer to your chest. “W-what?”

“It’s a translator,” he says. His voice is still very dark and booming, but his growls and clicks have somehow turned into words you can understand. “This allows your little ooman brain to understand my language.”

You swallow hard and feel the blood drain from your body. He was scary when you couldn't understand him, but he was even scarier when he could talk.

“Get up, little ooman,” he murmurs. “We should get to my ship. I don’t want to spend any more time on this miserable planet.”

You can't believe what you're hearing, everything is happening so fast. With shaky legs, you gape at him. “I…I don’t understand.”

The moment is interrupted by something when the alien turns his head towards the window of the house, the various dreads tubes rattling with the movement and his jaws opening in a low trill while a long, forked tongue at the tip comes out of his deadly-looking mouth. You gasp at the sight, but he doesn't look at you, using his own body in front of yours, as if he was instinctively hiding and protecting you from something you cannot see, feel or hear. The burgundy appendage is long and glistens with the moisture of his alien saliva, along its length there are some quivers and small barbs. He slowly waves the thing in the air, almost as if he's proving something. And then you understand.

He's smelling it.

Maybe he's even more snake-like than you thought, after all, catching scent particles in the air with his tongue.

The air is positively thick with eager anticipation, he's alert and ready and you feel it.

You don't have time to think about it too much, though. Because soon he is looking at you again, although there is no longer any sign of malice and hunger in his posture now. The way he lifts his colossal body until he's completely erect, swelling the already prominent muscles to appear more menacing, only speaks of a creature with a purpose.

"Oomans here. They must have some kind of tracker." He growls once more and clicks that gauntlet again, making you jerk back with a new wave of fear.

"Y-yes, all the containment units are after you now. It's only a matter of time before they find you and try to arrest you again. Y-you should go." You respond quietly and slowly, trying to make him understand every word.

"My ship is nearby." He grumbles sullenly. You try to control the wave of curiosity that the word 'ship' evokes in you. Seriously, how many humans have had the opportunity to see one up close? But of course you don't say anything, if you got out of this situation with your life it would be good enough. You would forget about this bizarre encounter and go on with your peaceful and boring life as if you had received the greatest gift of all.

But then he continues.

“You…” He covers your body with his once again, cornering you against the wall. Your eyes widen as he wraps a thick arm around your waist, pulling you into him. "You belong to me now, ooman. You'll come along."

You feel like you didn't get it right. “T-to space?”

He doesn't seem to want to entertain this conversation anymore and just grunts again.

It's like all the red flags go up in your mind at once.

"N-no! No, I can't, that's...I can't!"

But he doesn't listen to you, and you can't predict the sharp sting on your neck. It doesn't hurt like it used to, but he cradles your head with huge fingers almost tenderly as a sickening sensation wracks your body and makes you stagger. You feel weak, your body giving out as you babble out things that even you don't understand. Everything is getting dark and your little fingers are scratching his arms looking for support, your breathing is coming with difficulty and your eyes are unfocused.

"It's okay, mate, just give in...I'll take care of you..." He purrs, but you can barely hear him, your senses are fuzzy and lethargic and you know you're going to pass out.

The last thing you see before the darkness swallows you and the unknown can wrap its tentacles around you, are orange flames above you. Hot, consuming and scary.

And then there is nothing but emptiness

Hunt - part two

Chapter Summary

He kidnapped you. He believes you are his mate. Can you find some kind of peace with the monster who took you away from everything you know?

Chapter Notes

Author's note: THANK YOU for everyone's patience for this second part. It was a busy few months, but I finally managed to finish it.

I apologize especially for not responding to the comments, I really haven't had the time lately. But I appreciate EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THEM, thank you so much for that babes!!

ENGLISH IS NOT MY FIRST LANGUAGE.

A gentle, icy breeze passes by you and you feel yourself shiver. A smell reminiscent of antiseptics and sterilized products fills your nostrils and, as you begin to become more aware of your surroundings, you feel the smooth, cold and hard surface beneath you. You try to open your eyes, but your eyelids are so heavy; your entire body feels heavy, weighing over a ton as you try and fail to move. You can hear a soft, clean hum in the background, like new, well-oiled machines at work, but when you finally open your eyes, you see nothing but a blur of white just above your body, an uncomfortable glow of almost blinding light. You grunt and blink a few times, trying to move again and managing to dig your fingers into the smooth surface beneath you.

It's then that the memories come rushing back.

Your heart pounds with the memories and you try to stand up with a surge of vigor that wasn't there before, but your body simply won't obey.

How long have you been blacked out? Are you still on Earth? Or had that alien really taken you to space? Why can't you move?

When a deep rumble fills the air, your hair stands on end all over your body. Slowly, the blinding blur of white light is eclipsed by the outline of a giant looming above you with a

cold, impassive metal mask. Your heart jumps in your chest and you immediately want to cry. Whether from the effect of sedation or the sheer wave of terror that wracks your body, all you can do is whimper a “please” before your mind wanders into darkness again.

The next time you wake up, you are no longer lying on the cold stretcher. Instead, there's a subtle smell of wet earth filling your nostrils, as well as the pleasant feeling of soft fur wrapping your body. You're warm, cozy really, even if you still feel heavy and very disoriented.

You try to move and, with some effort, you manage to remove your arm from the furs that wrap around it. You struggle to open your eyes, blinking away the confusing fog in your mind, and see an infinite amount of furs around you. You squint your eyes and slowly sit up. Your head is spinning, your neck is tight and sore, and you reach for where the alien had injected whatever infernal compound to knock you out like that. Your skin hurts like an old bruise, but there's nothing more to it than that. You can barely find the tiny needle prick. It's dark wherever you are, except for soft yellow lighting coming from a corner of the room, and you inspect the furs you're wrapped in. The hairs are of medium length but dense, effectively warming without being irritating to the skin; the furs were clearly expertly carved. You had been kidnapped and imprisoned by a skilled hunter and it was obvious. With a little deeper perception you blush and shiver when you feel the soft furs are in direct contact with your skin.

Your skin very bare.

The air hisses with every breath you take now, but the new burn of tears helps clear your vision. Looking around as the room comes into focus, turning to look at whatever it was you were lying on. And if you thought you would be able to see something even slightly recognizable, you were sadly mistaken.

Nothing is familiar.

You are lying in what appears to be a giant nest. It's a kind of huge platform, a few inches above the ground, lined with fluffy, cozy fur.

The environment is a little dark, preventing you from really being able to discern the details, but the walls seem to be made of some kind of dark metal and, in one of them, where there is a focus of yellowish light, you can make out the shape of a pressurized door - the bathroom maybe?
Sitting up a little better, you twist the soft fur between your fingers, a way of trying to distract yourself. Your eyes darting around the corners of the room, mapping everything you could see. That's when you see the two glowing eyes peering at you from across the room, in the shadows. Two orange flames fixed on you for God knows how long. You take a deep breath as you throw yourself back, heart racing in your chest.

Crawling through the nest of furs, you try to scream, but no sound can escape your lips. You try to stand and still keep the covering around your body, but you can only kneel on the bed, fumbling with the furs, your heart in your ears, and you're about to get out of the strange nest any way you can when someone grabs your arm and stops you. The giant alien stands before you now, silhouetted dark against the yellowish light behind him — but his eyes appear luminous as they look at you.

He's standing on the floor and you're kneeling on the tall bed made for creatures larger than you, and yet he towers like a mountain over your small body. You can barely breathe; the creature's huge, deadly clawed hand wraps around your arm like it's just a fragile twig, and for a second you think this is it – this is the moment you would lose your life. But the alien, now without his mask, just looks at you and lets out a low, guttural growl from between his scary jaws. After a few moments that feel like an eternity, he effortlessly pulls you closer to him.

“I-I,” you sigh as you try to stay in the same position. You try to fight him, but he doesn't even seem to notice your efforts. "Please please!" You don't know what exactly you are begging for. But you're not stupid, the unfamiliarity around you could only mean that he had actually kidnapped you. You're on his ship. And if you're on an alien's ship, outside of Earth, completely defenseless and alone, it's because there's no way out.

The creature throws you onto the furs and gives you an icy glowering look before crouching on the ground next to your body, all the while looking at you.

You struggle to breathe. He pulled and pushed you as if you weighed absolutely nothing, showing incontrovertible evidence that he would have no problem dominating you.

He watches you intensely as he has since the first time, tilting his head slightly with obvious curiosity, his dreadlocks falling as they follow the movement. The way he sits is so human, so familiar; his arms rest on his knees, his muscular shoulders are comfortably angled and his legs are bent and wide apart. Although he appears almost relaxed, his gaze is penetrating and dangerous.

You make yourself small - which already seems obvious with the way he towers over you even though he's crouched on the ground - alarmed at what might be stirring in the large creature's mind. You had been chosen by him — at least that's what he told you. *A mate.* Would he force you? Had he been waiting for this moment since the first time he saw you in the lab? And why did that thought make you feel strangely flushed?

He, on the other hand, doesn't seem prepared for an attack. He just sits there, watching you like you're the most interesting thing he's ever seen.

You wrap your arms around your knees while keeping the furs around your shoulders to hide your body. Running would be fruitless, you know that, and you'd rather not trigger anything primal in the Predator, like acting like prey. It would be the worst move, actually. Instead, you bury your face in your arms and wait.

The alien is silent as night, and for a moment you hear nothing but your own ragged breathing and the soft hum of the ship. When you look shyly from beneath your lashes at him

again, he’s still watching you. There's a disturbing intensity in his eyes that makes you beyond nervous, but there's no malice there. Not that you can tell. It's just some kind of undeniable dominance, like he knows you're so far beneath him, that he could do literally anything to you without worrying about your resistance to it. And yet he is there, still waiting.

The…creature, doesn’t blink as he slightly parts his jaws and his head tilts towards you, curiously. "Are you afraid?"
Once again you are startled to hear his translated voice resonating right inside your ear, in the walls of your skull. A low sound. A coarse sound. A curious growl that grazed your bones as if the sky itself was growling at you.

“H-uh.” You're not sure if 'afraid' is a strong enough definition for what you're feeling. Looking at the dark, burly figure that seemingly can't get enough of watching you from the dark recesses of his room fills you with a kind of nervous, suffocating anxiety that makes it difficult for you to breathe. You almost wonder if you're about to pass out. “I…I wouldn’t say afraid.” You lie through your teeth and then, for lack of anything else to say and because you're desperate to understand exactly what the hell you're doing here, you say,

"Do you have a name?"

The predator tilts his body a little more towards you. You lean back nervously, because this isn't what you wanted to happen, but he moves slowly and cautiously and pauses just the tiniest distance from you. “Doh’kein.”

He waits, as if waiting for you to say something, announce yourself, say anything.

"Do...D-Dou...kai?" You repeat with difficulty, trying hard to at least try to please this creature and stay on his good side.
He snorts between his jaws and something in the way his broad shoulders vibrate and his flaming eyes shine tells you the sound is something like laughter, fun and guttural; and you imagined the joy of a mountain.

"Doh'kein." He repeats, slower this time, looking expectantly at you.

"Huh - Doh'kein?" You try one more time.

The alien in front of you purrs in approval when you repeat his name almost perfectly, leaning down and burying his face in the crook of your neck. You startle and scream, trying to pull away, but a large hand wraps around your arm and holds you still. His deadly jaws slide along your skin and you arch your neck just to avoid being hooked by one of those things, but unfortunately he takes your gesture as an invitation to continue.

"Y-You've never spoken before. In the lab." You stutter, trying to start a talk to keep him distracted from what seemed like the end goal of all this.

“That wouldn’t be logical,” he mutters. Against all logic, you exhale shakily as you feel one of his sharp fangs slide gently past your ear, pressing what could be a kiss to the shell. "It's not like all of their primitive ears could understand me if I tried."

The baritone of his voice murmured so close to your ear sends shivers down your spine and you find yourself clenching your thighs. Doh'kein braces himself with both arms in the nest, on either side of your hips, eclipsing your small body with his until he is all there is - until he is all you see.

You argue futilely in an attempt to maintain self-control - his and yours: “W-we could have talked sooner.”

“We could. But then other oomans would know this part of me,” he answers clearly. "Do you wish this had happened?"

You are extremely embarrassed by the immediate ‘*no*’ that almost rolls off the tip of your tongue. Despite all your fears, you find yourself almost jealous when you imagine this alien being like this with other people. You bite your lip and let your silence answer for you. There is no doubt that this is a disservice to your team and the research being carried out – you seek truths and yet the truth is that you are secretly happy that this is yours and yours alone.

Even if you have difficulty accepting it.

Doh'kein snorts. He brings his broad forehead to your smaller one and your knees reflexively part to make room for him as he settles between them, still kneeling on the floor. The shine in his eyes dimmed. Reminds you of a pyre after the fire has burned for hours at a time; the glowing ash left to cool overnight.

“If I hadn't participated and let them do the tests on me, you wouldn't have paid attention,” he continues. You shiver when he places a hand on your thigh, the grip is careful but it makes you shiver nonetheless. The size of his body forces your legs wider around his waist, to the point where your joints hurt. But he doesn't move, he just waits while the gears in your head turn.

“You...” you gasp as it hits you. “You could have left whenever you wanted.”

He slowly studies you at your words and tilts his head, motioning for you to continue. There is an unshakable composure about him that makes you uneasy. You get the feeling he knows your thoughts before you express them. “You stayed and cooperated with the research. Even when…even when some of those people treated you like an animal. You could be anywhere but there. You could have stopped that at any time. But you waited."

Doh'kein once again snaps his jaws and snorts his equivalent of a laugh. The sound soon turned into a buzzing noise. He places a large hand on top of your head and leans back into your space, uncomfortably close, as if he wants to impress the answer inside you. “That was exactly where I was supposed to be at that moment. You are my mate."

That word, again.

Silence stretches after that and your skin crawls under the intense scrutiny, a fixed, unforgiving gaze on you. Your mouth is dry, your heart is racing with proximity, your hands, slightly sweaty with tension, are curled into tight fists in the fur around your body. It's not the place or time for it, but slowly you feel the fear turn to...*intrigue*, despite yourself.

Your captor doesn't seem like the talkative type, but every word that leaves his alien mouth seems to be charged with the purest electricity. That, combined with the intensity of his gaze, was making you tense and coerced — like a little rabbit caught in some trap. And yet, some kind of curiosity was forming in the back of your mind.

You had never experienced anything like it. No one had ever looked at you like that. Bright orange orbs on a completely inhuman face exuding a sense of devotion and hunger that you were unaware of until this moment. It's disturbing and frightening at its majority essence - *it's also curiously flattering on the other hand.*

A silent chirp pulls you from your thoughts. He must sense your latent anxiety, because the alien pushes you gently (much more gently than you'd imagine for someone his size) against the nest of soft fur and you sink down with a shuddering sigh and a racing heart. His scent envelops you; rain, earth and tall grass.

“Doh’kein,” you falter. “W-why do you keep calling me that? How can you be sure I'm the one you want as a mate? I'm just human."

You only mention the issue of the difference between species, your overloaded brain can barely think about the challenges of the physical logistics of the act.

“I see that,” he states dryly, as if the fact that you put yourself down irritates him. “But you are mine, little ooman. *My mate*. And that's not open for debate."

As he covers your body like a mountain of solid muscle, you press the soft fur over you to hide as much of your modesty as possible. Doh'kein doesn't seem to like this very much. Without the slightest warning, the tip of his thumb slides across your knuckles - still stubbornly attached to the covering of fur - and your mouth goes slack at the difference in textures of his scaly skin on your soft flesh. He places one knee on the nest of furs and leans above you, lowering his head so his dreads fall around both of you and obscure his hungry expression. You feel the ghost of his long, sharp claws prickling your skin as his dexterous fingers explore the details of your comically small hand, swirling tantalizing patterns in your own hidden blood beneath before intertwining your fingers with his and freeing your nails sunk into the blanket of furs.

His touch is deliberately gentle as he guides your hands splayed above your head, but his gaze tells another story; firm, fixed and heavy in his message - a warning. It awakens the most basic survival instinct rooted in your genetic code, it raises the hair on your body, it accelerates your heart, it leaves your lips dry with fear.

And it makes the heat spread between your legs.

There is no logical explanation for this reaction of your body. But in the end, it doesn't matter. For whatever had been, or whatever might have been, was completely ripped from your mind at the very moment you heard the thunderous sound resonate in his broad chest.
That purr again.

A rhythmic trembling that seems to rise from the depths of him and take root directly in your very being. So mesmerizing and effective that it makes you forget the dangers of those deadly

jaws when he brings his face closer to yours, sliding his long fangs across the softness of your cheeks. You part your lips in an attempt to breathe better, you ball your hands into tight fists on the furs - obediently keeping them where he left them.

As if that wasn't disturbing enough, something different catches you seconds later. Not a hand, not anything tangible, but something entirely invisible.

The invisible thread of a *scent*.

A scent that curls around you before you even knew it was there, without any chance to stop it, to escape its grasp. And suddenly you're tangled; tangled up because of him, this strange alien, even though he does nothing but keep his giant hands splayed in the fur around your body to support his own weight - which, of course, would be more than capable of easily crushing you if he didn't do it, looking at you with a focused and intense gaze. At the same time, you are captive to his warm musk, in a way that only someone like you, so disastrously unlucky, could have been. And before you know it, you're looking at him, not in surprise or disbelief, but in a spellbound trance. Trapped by a breath of rain-damp wood, of a sweetness like slippery stone and the flames of a bonfire on a cloudy day. It's welcoming, it's inviting.

It's impossible to contain the way your eyelids immediately become lethargic and your senses clouded at the first sign of his musk permeating the air. The creature's scent is as overpowering as the first time; it invades your nostrils, thick and heavy, unable to ignore it.

Suddenly you can't speak.

The smell makes you feel a rush of intense, unreal attraction. By an alien. Your hands twitch above your head, and you bite your trembling lower lip. As you do, you watch with hooded gaze the way Doh'kein's sun-colored eyes trace your actions.

“You feel it too, don't you?” he asks in a throaty sound, doing his best to break through the confusing haze of your thoughts.

You can't answer. You don't know the answer. *You think you might be whining.*

The predator also hears your embarrassing whine, of course. His head tilts slightly and the small thorns on his heavy eyebrows fall darkly over his eyes. You watch as his slick, plum-colored tongue comes out of his strange mouth, stretching beyond what any tongue should be able to, until it leaves a warm, wide trail of saliva on your cheek. And although you shouldn't really enjoy it, you found that you couldn't help but sigh in pleasure at the animalistic act and squirm beneath him.

What's happening to me? You think through the immensity of confusing static in your mind.

You're not squirming to get away.

The subtle but restless movement of your hips has nothing to do with it, really.

You don't run away when he reaches out with a giant hand to cup your chin, guiding your eyes closer to his in a trance that seems endless. To force your gaze on his primal possession.

Though his spectral touch penetrated you; leaving a shiver behind him that tickled your chin and cheek in an effervescent shudder.

He doesn't need to force you into anything. His presence is magnetic to you, and yet you can't tear yourself away from his enormous intensity. You can't help hold his gaze. And you see his brow furrowed above you, sink into those serious eyes that map your every expression closely, ignore the danger of his deadly fangs so close to your face.

You stay silent as you watch him. Hostage of unsaid things. Of things without explanation. You just accept it when your skin tingles with a million little feathers of anticipation, with an urgency to be touched that becomes more and more overwhelming the longer he stays near you.
In a pull that was nothing short of urgent, he pushes away the fur that was on your body. You cry out, a little startled by the sudden action, shivering when his jaws buries itself in your hair to breathe, hot and heavy against the back of your neck. Then, resting a large, clawed hand on your shoulder blades, he begins to descend your body, each growling breath coming faster as he descends.

Doh'kein growls and the sound comes from somewhere deep in his body, untamed and wild and eager. Inhaling you deeply, as if he was smelling fine wine. That burgundy tongue appears again, sliding down your neck. You feel his hand on your waist trail down the soft expanse of your belly. You shudder at his demanding touch, your body responding naturally to his touch. Electricity sizzles through your veins. He pulls you towards him, sharp claws running down your back and around your side to caress the lower curve of your breast. The subtle scratch of his claws only adding intensity to the sensations.

Your chest tightens and your face feels hot. Maybe it's the fear, the confusion that goes through your mind or it's all the fault of that addictive scent emanating from him, but your body pulses. Every bit of you feels so alive that it practically vibrates with energy. What if this was all a hallucination? What if you were at home, lying in your comfortable bed, lost in an intense dream rich in details? Maybe-

Wild claws graze the skin on the sides of your breasts, leaving goosebumps and tearing a cry from your lips.

You had never felt like this, like your belly was warm and lit, full of fireflies.

What is this, anyway?

You look up with misty eyes, finding intense swirling golden pools. As mesmerizing as before. Warm breath blowing across your flushed cheeks. Spice and heat filling your nose.

It's like looking at the sun; the blinding rays of light so powerful, burning their pattern into your eyes.

You snap back to reality and immediately notice your two hands gripping his broad obsidian shoulders, the muscles beneath the scaly surface so powerful you can practically feel the raw strength of them beneath your fingers. You had advanced towards him until your nipples were brushing dangerously against his very, very muscular chest. Your core vibrating with a

pulse you wanted so badly to ignore. You blush and pull your hand back, but you can't pull it away completely as his arms cage your body.

He pulls you by your hair and pushes you deeper into the warm furs of the nest, pressing his body against you like he knows you're silently yearning. He’s solid, huge. Terrifying. You tremble in his grip and let out a cry of surprise when he thrusts his hips against you. The hard, thing writhes with every pulse, precariously restrained by that Tarzan loincloth around his wide hips, pressing into your belly like it's trying to find a home in the soft hollow below your ribs. Even without actually feeling it skin to skin, the pure sensation of the heavy member against your belly leaves no place for doubt about its size. Not that it's a surprise, considering the alien's corporeal mass - but the very solid, very long weight of his penis against you like this is still capable of eliciting a loud gasp from your throat.

Your reaction seems to amuse the giant, who grunts and snaps something between his jaws in your mouth that you're sure sounds a lot like laughter, grinding against you until the air is forced from your lungs and the only thing you can think deliriously is that it will kill you; that he's about to rip your insides out and maybe even scalp you, considering the firm grip he still has on your hair, the way his claws rake your scalp.

Two things become clear to you then:

1) you are not as scared as you should be about such possibilities.

2) the time for patience and gentle touches has obviously come to an end.

His eyes slowly - very slowly - leave your face and slide in an intimate caress up your bare torso, lingering on your pert breasts, and he widens his jaws in an elongated trill. You don't need a translation to know he's satisfied. He's hungry, orange orbs overflowing with an obvious need that he makes no bones about keeping hidden.

But, unlike the course of action you expected, Doh'kein steps away and steps out of the nest, standing back on his feet. Surprised, you sit up and just look at him, cheeks flushed and hair disheveled from the previous rough treatment.

The giant alien in front of you waits a few seconds until he is absolutely sure he has your full attention. And then, in an unexpected gesture, he rolls his powerful shoulders a few times, lifting his body and adjusting his posture until he's at his fullest (which makes him even more intimidating, if that's possible), emitting a sound that you I hadn't heard it until now. It looked like a puff from a big bear, but longer and stronger, more proud. It's almost like a growl, but not as aggressive as the ones you've heard from him before. The whole thing confuses you, but only for a moment. You part your lips in surprise when you quickly understand his intention.

It's some kind of mating dance. An assertion of dominance and a call to mate. Just like an alpha male would do.

The sound continues rolling between his jaws and echoing between the walls of the room in his ship, crackling like the other sounds coming from him, but more thunderous. He rolls his shoulders once again, clenching his fists and showing how strong he is. You really didn't need

a reminder of the fact. But you can't deny that the soft yellow ambient light dancing across his broad torso, showing off his rippling muscles as he purposely moves in such a way as to highlight them, is absolutely breathtaking - in a way that frightens you a little; he is clearly showing you that he will be a good mate.

His eyes as hot as flames are fixed on you with a gaze that burns mercilessly through you. His jaws flare once more, he bares his inner fangs in a growl, and the bangs and clicks grow louder. The sound vibrates through you, and his scent fills the chamber even more. Despite the undeniable fear, your heart races in response, your belly churns, and the slick between your legs betrays you once again as your pussy pulses to be filled.

It's then that you notice the bulge that was poking you a few minutes ago. You can't look away, and in the middle of his seductive vocalization, he lets out another laugh. His sharp claws undo the knots and clasps that keep the loincloth secured around his hips, and you swallow hard, bringing your knees closer to your chest. He lets the fabric fall to the floor, and your mouth falls open as the alien's cock immediately rises against his belly.

It was a monster in its own right, just as you imagined - and yet...no, it's *nothing* like you imagined.

Long and sturdy. Ridges resembling little barbs line the entire length of the underside of the biggest penis you've ever laid eyes on in your fucking life. The color doesn't differ much from the rest of him - the same shade of gray that spreads across his torso and belly also extends along his massive length, up to a bulbous head that gradually changes to an almost purplish color, an imposing scrotum hanging below. Prominent veins cover the shaft and make his penis look even scarier. The entire length, but especially the head, glistening with what appears to be some kind of natural lubrication, alarmingly highlighting those sharp-looking bulges on the underside of his penis. The mere idea of him taking you with that thing makes you visibly shake with anxiety.

“Y/n.” Your name in his growling voice makes you snap out of the daze you were in and you look into his eyes, scared and pathetically excited, blushing at the nothing short of smug expression on his inhuman face. There is no denying that his tactics are having an effect on you. You know he knows you would submit to him like pitiful prey.

Regardless of your newly awakened desires, the powerful claim in his courtship ritual and his intimidating girth, to say the least, frighten you and, instinctively, you try to step back as he places one knee on the furs again. Doh'kein, however, is faster and all you can do is whimper helplessly as he grabs your ankle and stops your escape. The ends of his dreadlocks slide down the softness of your bare torso as he mounts you once more, caging your small body beneath him.
A deep, low rumble escapes him and you catch a glimpse of that long tongue once again as he tilts his head suggestively.

He's smelling your excitement. You know he is.

His huge hands wrap around your thighs with comical ease as he spreads your legs wide apart, exposing you to him without an ounce of reserve. You hide your face in your hands and sob an embarrassed cry as Doh'kein tastes your scent in the air, feels your heat and wetness

on his reptilian tongue without even needing to touch you. You bite your lip and swallow a moan, feeling embarrassment burn through every pore, as well as arousal.

“Y/n,” he repeats, and you try and fail to hide the tremor in your body at the sound of his voice vibrating the walls of your mind. You will never get used to it. Doh'kein spreads your legs further apart, exposing you even more to him, and then he presses that word, as if he wants to imprint it into your flesh through pure repetition. "*Mate*".

A hand holding your thigh releases it and slides down. Your breath catches as he runs over your inner thigh, dragging his claws across your soft skin with the intimacy and experience a years-old lover would have, before reaching your core to cup your intimacy. You gasp and jump out of bed and his hand tightens, grabs you. Pussy, pubic bone, all together, all right there, in Doh'kein's abnormally large palm.

He looks between your legs. *Really look*.

Orange pools absorbing like osmosis the image of your little pussy caged between his ridiculously thick and long fingers. He doesn't move. He doesn't speak. He just stands there, holding your most intimate part as if it were a fragile toy. It's not the first time you've been intimate with someone, although it is, in fact, the first time with someone...less than human. But even so, you've never been looked at with so much desire and possession. The attention makes you move timidly to try and cover yourself, but Doh'kein clearly doesn't like it as he abruptly lifts his face to you and growls an unspoken threat - once again grabbing your wrists with his free hand and pinning them above your head. You whimper and squirm against his hold, but you're no match for the creature's brute strength.

Doh'kein presses a considerable amount of force against the nest, a firm and unquestionable warning, before slowly releasing them. When you don't move in retaliation, he purrs in satisfaction and focuses once again on your intimacy. He looks at the place with hungry curiosity before gently twitching his fingers, giving you an experimental squeeze that encompassed absolutely every outer area of your pussy and more.

You whimper and Doh'kein's gaze is drawn to yours. He watches your face intently for a reaction as he slowly drags his thumb over the sensitive, needy bud that is currently your clit, and your breath hitches when you bite your lip - you don't know if it was a conscious movement or just a exploratory attempt, but the action electrifies your body with a pure jolt of pleasure. His dreads jiggle and his jaws twitch as he purrs with delight, and unexpectedly, he leans toward your neglected breast, letting that plum-colored tongue lather your nipple with his heated saliva, wrapping the forked muscle around it.

His rough tongue wraps around your sensitive bud once, twice, three times, making you shudder and gasp as his rumbling purrs vibrate through his chest in response. You squirm in his nest, your head thrashing as he bounces between each breast, sliding that tongue over every inch of your sensitive skin, the scratch of his sharp jaws scraping your soft flesh only fueling the fire that roars loudly inside you. His thumb slides once again across your clit (gliding easily with all the wetness you're shamefully producing) in a slow, deliberate circle that makes you sure the action is purposeful.

Slowly, Doh'kein retracts his tongue back into his sharp-toothed mouth, hearing you moan louder with each slow turn of his thumb, shaky mewls escaping your lips and you blush as you notice how arrogant he sounds with irrefutable certainty that you're enjoying this.

The alien seems strangely familiar with human anatomy and carefully caresses the edge of your canal before rupturing it with an intimidating finger. You cry and immediately tighten your pussy around his finger, fighting against the girth that, alone, is bigger than anything you've taken inside you recently. But Doh'kein is not discouraged. He pushes his finger inside you, sinking it deep with the confidence of a man with a purpose. His claw scraped almost uncomfortably against your inner walls, sending small, sharp flashes of pain through you with each movement, but even that was tiny when compared to the magnitude of pleasure you felt.

The place fills with the sound of your breathless pants, your fragile mewls and the sound of your pussy being fucked by that finger.

The predator grunts deeply as he explores you, thrusting his finger in and out of you in slow but deep movements, and when he feels satisfied with one, he begins to insert another.

“N-no!” You gasp and instinctively grab his wrist to try stop him. Your eyes are teary and you look at him while shaking your head. “Please, I c-can't, I can't take another-”

His face turns, *slowly*. The frown is almost cruel as he looks at your small fingers gripping his wrist, then looks straight into your eyes. You let go of his arm as if you had burned your hand.

"Yes you can." That's all he says, looking into your eyes. That's all he thinks you need to hear, apparently. His thumb poking your clit one more time to make you jolt from the sensation. You sob, lost between the intense waves of pleasure and panic, and the giant clicks his jaw before returning with his exploration.

You cry out at the burning sensation of pain as he pushes in his other finger, stretching you further than you've ever been stretched before. The sharp pain quickly mixes (mercifully) with your excessive excitement as the creature quickens his pace.

"That's better. Good girl, just relax,” he praises you. His thumb keeps rotating and tapping against your clit, effectively distracting you from the pain, his fingers reaching deep, and his claws lightly scratching your insides. The mortifying sounds of your abundant wetness echo louder and louder between the walls of the room, along with your sobs, screams and moans. "That's it, little ooman. Come on, cum for me." Doh'kein mumbles into your eardrums through the translator, leaning up until his dreadlocks are falling like a curtain around your face, hiding you from the rest of the world.

A hand sinks into the softness of the nest, right next to your face, long claws digging hard into the furs, to the point where you hear them tearing — a form of restraint, maybe? You can't think about it too much, though. Heat pools in your belly abruptly, your vagina tightens with burning pain; your insides aching with pleasure and your chest tightening before everything explodes in a devastating orgasm. You scream, your pussy clenching around his

invading fingers, and you close your eyes so tight you see stars shining in the darkness of your eyelids.

You can't breathe; you really try to breathe through it, but nothing comes, there's just your lips parted in a silent scream - your body too tense, too tense, as the orgasm washes over you with the force of a tidal wave. Your pussy cries, flooding his hand and sucking him at the same time. Goosebumps run through your body, muscles twitch, sweat slightly erupts from your pores, and when you finally come down, your body feels indulgent and soft. When he pulls his fingers out of you with a wet snap, you gape, hating the void he's left.

He's an alien, you repeat weakly in the confusing haze of your mind, a creature that coerced you and took you away from your planet without your permission. What you are experiencing are just pleasure hormones. Nothing more or less than a hormonal combination of serotonin, endorphins, dopamine and oxytocin. They are truly responsible for the feeling of well-being, reduced stress and the relaxation that seems to wash over your body at the moment.

Doh'kein is not a god, he is not a god. No matter how much your body disagrees with that right now.

Doh'kein purrs as he slowly strokes the aching, swollen flesh of your sex; he opens you with his wide fingers, slowly and gently, grunting in contentment as he sees how your little hole continues to contract sporadically. He moves his fingers over your sensitive clit and teases it before returning to your folds.

It's just pleasure hormones, you repeat over and over again as you feel his digits probing every inch of your abused pussy, as if he can't get enough of touching you. You still whimper with every breath and can barely lift your arms, much less fight against him as he takes his time inspecting your hole and all the wetness that gushes from there. Your body was still affected on some level by the sedative he had given you earlier and, now, by the powerful orgasm that brutally ripped through your insides. All you want is to snuggle into those soft furs and sleep.

Doh'kein, however, would not allow this.

You mewl a little when he grabs you by the waist and turns you onto your stomach in one fluid movement. You feel like putty; choosing to just give in and let him mold you however he wants - even if, miraculously, you had some strength to fight him, it's obvious that you wouldn't be able to. He adjusts you on your knees, spreading your legs wide as he does so. The explicit position embarrasses you, but you do nothing but gasp as your face is buried in the bed and your ass lifted into the air.

He positions himself behind you. His large body shadowing yours, his hand sliding almost reverently down the sharp curve of your spine until he cups a plump globe of your buttock between his fingers in a firm grip. You blush and bite your lip as you feel a hot, heavy, wet shaft fall into the crack of your ass. He gently slides there a few times, grinding against you as he continues squeezing your flesh, lifting and lowering your ass by the length of his cock.

"I've wanted you every moment since I found you. Every day smelling you, but not being able to act, was torture. Being patient has never been more difficult for me than in those days." He confides in that baritone voice, threading his other hand into the strands of your hair, gently digging his claws into your scalp and pulling to force you to arch your back more. You groan at the sensation, your hips beginning to mimic the movements of his, sliding your ass cheeks onto his dick yourself. "But the wait was worth it. It's time for me to fill you, it's time for me to finally make you mine. My mate." He finishes whispering in your brain, the little chip in your skin working quickly to translate the growled words and clicks of his jaws. His words, his smell, his movements...everything is pushing you into another spiral of pleasure.

Too weak to object, you just shiver as the extraterrestrial creature aligns his monstrous cock with your newly stretched pussy, his fat tip coated with that natural lubricant poking at your wet entrance. He firmly grips your hips and, with one determined thrust, sits inside you.

...

That's it.

There is no slow entry or split stretch.

He just pushes and goes in.

You scream.

It's very big. You feel like you're being torn apart, split in two, stabbed from the inside, and you desperately grab the fur beneath you to crawl away from the burning pain, but Doh'kein's grip on your hip keeps you in a steel prison. Maybe he thought about it and decided that it would be easier if he came in at once instead of prolonging the torture - and maybe later, when you had a clear head and thought about it, you agree that this was actually the best choice. But all you know now is pain. You scream as he leaves; each little barb protruding from the underside of his menacing cock abusing your inner walls, vibrating your overstimulated clit and sending stabs of pain throughout your entire being. When he plunges into you again, he goes even deeper, slamming hard against your cervix, bruising it.

Tears flood your eyes instantly and you sob into the fur, clutching the covers so tightly that your knuckles ache and turn white. Your body shakes with pain and shock, and you can feel you soaking the furs with your tears and saliva as you cry, softly begging him to stop.

Surprisingly, upon hearing your whimpers, he stays still for a moment, buried deep inside you. Desperately trying to accommodate him, your walls contract repeatedly and grip his shaft, and beneath the blinding pain, there is a surprisingly pleasurable sensation of being completely filled, completely stretched. Full of him.

The predator is grumbling behind your back. Elongated grunts and sporadic snorts. Like a poorly restrained animal. The grip of his fingers on your hip is painful and you can feel the tips of his claws bruising your skin. You'd have marks after this, you think. Bloody cuts and purple bruises as the price for getting involved with something (someone) your human body should theoretically be incapable of handling. *If you survived, of course.*

"You're so...tight, pauk, I never imagined...paya, your h'dui'se is addictive-" Your translator seems to have some difficulty with some of his words and you blink, confused, but at the same time overwhelmed with all these sensations. By God, he looks positively wrecked - barely clinging to the limits of self-control.

And then, apparently having resigned himself to the fact that he was going to lose this battle, Doh'kein thrusts again, his balls slapping against your wetness and your clit. At that moment, you knew that the devastating and unreal pleasure you felt was, most likely, the result of your brain; like a desperate attempt to deal with the pain of this unnatural mating – because honestly, nothing should feel this painfully good.

“You look so good, my little human.” Growling, he pressed his claws into your skin a little tighter and this time you were absolutely sure there was a cut and blood. “Don’t fight me.”

“Ooh, God,” you whimper as his cock continues to defy the limits of your human capacity. It’s too big, too weird, and you can literally feel how your walls try to reject it.

Doh'kein flattens a giant hand across your back, pressing your body further against the nest of soft fur. “Easy now, mate. You can take me." He pushes deeper. “You see? I'm completely inside you. You feel me? Do you feel like my cock gives you no choice? It shouldn't be there, should it? Oh no, it shouldn't. It's wrong, isn't it? But isn’t it just as good?”

God. He suddenly becomes talkative, the small chip implanted in your skin working quickly to translate the rude words that clack through his jaws.

“Y-yeah,” you cry, though. Because, yes, it's good *in fact*.

“And it's about to feel even better." He grabs you by the hips and pushes you hard. He fucks you repeatedly, and it's painful, very painful, but it only fuels you pleasure. Another thrust, and this time he forces a broken moan from your depths. Your wetness soaks his waist, your pussy clenches around him with torturous eagerness, and the predator on your back sets a relentless pace. You gasp a strangled mewl and shake, clutching the furs beside your head for dear life, trying to keep yourself as stable as possible with each brutal jolt of his body against yours. There is no romance or soft touches from a gentle lover. He's fucking you. Claiming your body in an undeniable act of animalistic possession. *A true predator in heat*.

There is no mercy. He abuses you with his monstrous strength, with his unparalleled stamina, and takes everything from you – your dignity, your free will, and any future hope of finding a human who can match him; in the vague and foolish hope in the possibility that you would return to Earth. His claws dig into your hips, every breath he takes is a cruel growl, and you express out loud your pain and your pleasure in equal measure.

Each little pliable barb at the base of his penis rubs fiercely and repeatedly against your tight inner walls, reaching spots inside you you didn't even know existed. Despite the tension and pain, the warmth grows and blooms like a beautiful flower in your womb again. You mewl and whine, feeling the building release tighten in your core; you needed little to fall off that precipice of ecstasy again. But Doh'kein grunts deeply, calms the fierce thrusts in your pussy and slowly pulls out of your body.

“N-no, wait, please-” you breathe desperately, pushing your hips back to maintain contact with him. Desperation taking over your body as the tendrils of ecstasy slip like sand through your fingers.

The creature deeply rumbles what you know to be a laugh (a laugh at your expense, much to your embarrassment) and parts your ass cheeks, exposing your wet, swollen folds, the cruel pulsing of your pussy around nothing. You don't know why he stopped - since he's obviously been craving this even more than you, but he's taking his sweet time now, widening your hole and digging those claws into your skin possessively - and you feel an embarrassing need of screaming at the top of your lungs for him to just go back to fucking you in that ridiculously comfortable nest.

"Do you like that, pet..." He growls and it's a statement, not a question. He *knows* you like it. Your body is making it obvious. You blush and try to pull yourself up onto your shaking elbows, but Doh'kein is faster. In an almost savage movement, he wraps his long fingers around the back of your neck and pushes your head down, making you scream with your cheek pressed firmly against the furs of the nest.

He places his other hand next to your head and lowers himself until he is hovering a few centimeters from your body; big, wide, powerful - it makes you feel like a little Eskimo inside an igloo.

You can feel his alien jaws ruffling the strands of your hair, you can feel the strange tubes of his dreadlocks tickling your back, and you can especially feel the possessive, territorial way in which he holds you still as he press you by the back of your neck. There's not much you can do but give in, soften your body against his grip and submit to this creature that is obviously countless times stronger than you.

His broad chest pushes against your back as he makes the rumbling, crackling sound again, a more aggressive (though definitely satisfied) purr, and your nostrils are filled with his earthy scent. It fills the back of your throat, your lungs, your mind, your body, and makes you ache even more for him. You let out a breathless moan and writhe on the bed, pressing the fur tightly between your fingers and begging for him as you arch your spine and displays your intimacy to him. Your pussy cries, desperately searching for the cock that dominated you just moments ago.

"My name." Your body is a trembling, pulsing line of nerves and you barely hear the command whispered in your ear. Everything in your line of vision (already hampered by the way your hair is wildly loose) is blurry and confused and you try to swim out of the sea of pleasure you're drowning in, in the smell of earth and rain and an undeniably masculine musk that is threatening to dull your senses once again.

"What--"

"Say my name."

Your eyes widen and you almost choke on the word before it finally escapes your lips.

"D-Doh'kein."

He smiles, huffs his strange laugh into your hair, pushing that scary member between your ass cheeks to reward you - sliding it up and down once, just teasing your pussy every now and then until you're squirming.

Only then does he say. "*Beg*."

His claws are ghosts of danger on the sensitive skin of your throat, in spots that could quickly and easily end your life. And you know he could, without any effort, hurt you and draw blood - just as he did the battered flesh of your hips. But he doesn't. And that alone, the control and dominance that exude from the male behind you, makes your head spin and your pussy tighten until it hurts.

“Please…please – I just, I need this, please…” You mumble, only half coherent.

He held your ass firmly, spreading you wide, before pressing his swollen tip against your entrance. You choke and bite your lip, but even all the need and heat coursing through your veins isn't enough to drown out the scream that explodes from you as he plunges back into your pussy with a roar. The stretch takes you to the limit you were teetering on just moments ago and your body falls apart, happy to seize the opportunity it had been denied before. You tighten around him, holding him with all your might; your whole body twitching, but Doh'kein doesn't seem to care as he pounds into you with relentless thrusts, grunts rising from within him like thunder sounding in the sky. You scream again, your vision blurs and your torturous pleasure echoes wildly between the walls of the room on this alien ship. Your hard nipples rub against the fur of the bed as they grind incessantly to his strong thrusts, and the monstrous cock continues to rearrange your insides; the ridges of his length torment you, drive you crazy, and prolong your release until you're nothing but a wet, quivering mess.

He leans over you again; and you cry as you feel the wetness of his growling saliva run down your exposed shoulder, hot and slick, the black tubes moving like a curtain around both of you, and he grips the back of your neck tighter as he begins to pound into you violently - *frantically*.

He is an animal and there is no other definition that fits what is happening.

You make a sound like a sob. There are tears on your face, hot and salty against your skin. You can no longer tell where you begins and ends, only that you are fused with Doh'kein. His hips on your ass, his cock on your cervix, which he abuses with each brutal thrust. You can't say who you are or remember why you're here, but you can tell he's close.

“I need to breed you,” he growls into the side of your face, pressing you into the nest almost angrily, “I don’t know if it’s possible, but I can’t think of anything other than filling and breeding you for the rest of my life – I need this – I need to try, right now, *every day*–”

“I want it, I want – I want it,” you babble incoherently through the saliva that’s pooled in your mouth, all sense of self-preservation going out the window as your senses are dulled, “I want you to breed me, I want it, please!" The fact that probably nothing could be generated from an alien/human union seemed to be irrelevant to both.

You just accept it all, happy to be used as he fucks and bites you with those strange jaws and desperately chases his own release.

Doh'kein growls and hits you one last time. His cock grows and swells and feels like it definitely shouldn't fit, like there shouldn't be enough place inside you to accommodate it - but you moan, pussy stretching like it was made to envelop him, and then he's basically locked inside you. You float, only vaguely aware of him pressing you into the nest as he collapses some of his colossal weight onto you, because all you can think about is his roars, the hot cum filling you in thick bursts, plugged inside you by his inhuman cock. He grinds his hips into your ass, pushing his cum deeper and deeper, but the amount is so great that it inevitably escapes where your bodies are joined.

You feel soft and fuzzy, stuck in that satisfied, complacent head space. You writhe with aftershocks and warm goosebumps that bubble up your entire body, from your scalp to your toes. Even though every inch of your body hurts and you know there are cuts and bruises on your flesh, you've never felt as full as you do in this moment.

Time passes between deep, panting breaths and consciousness returns in fragments; first, the intense, aching pulse between your legs, where Doh'kein is lodged deep inside you. Secondly, his weight on your back is practically knocking the air out of your lungs. Third, you are sweaty and sticky and bleeding in places.

You shift instinctively, trying to lift one leg, and he growls at you. His cock tugs at your insides in a way that isn't pleasant and you freeze at the sharp stab of pain. Your body finally feeling the effects of the extraterrestrial union. You moan at the sensation, but it comes out more as a wheeze since your lungs can't fully expand under his weight. “Y-you're crushing me, Doh'kein. I need to breathe, *please*-”

This catches the attention of the giant behind you and he rolls to the side, the feeling of his cock slipping out and letting more of that sticky fluid escape from your used pussy draws a low mewl from your throat. You have two seconds to inflate your chest for oxygen before he's turning your body and climbing on top of you once again. You blink like an owl as you find yourself face to face with the predator once again. The orange orbs are fixed on yours as he supports his weight on his hands beside your head, long ropes of defined muscles run up his forearms and into his broad shoulders, giving him an intimidating appearance. Not that the four jaws on his alien face weren't enough for that, of course.

You're proud that you don't jump when he touches your face with those sharp clawed fingers, holding your chin and turning your face from side to side.

“I, huh-” you begin, confused when he does nothing but inspect your face inch by inch in complete silence. Now that the frenzy and excitement were subsiding, a different kind of embarrassment washes over you as he lets go of your face and shifts his attention to your breasts and stomach. He ignores you when you stutter a shy question as you feel him groping your breasts and your waist, too rough fingers caressing as gently as he can the bloody welts where his claws have scratched you. He doesn't apologize or show any kind of regret, nothing about his alien facial expression changes when he looks up at you with his ember eyes again. But he continues massaging your flesh in gentle strokes, tilting his head towards you and moving his jaws once. And you know that's the biggest apology you'll ever get from him.

He seems pleased with whatever look is on your face at the moment, because soon you can hear that purring sound once again. A sound that, added to the extreme tiredness that plagues your body, makes you want to close your eyes and sleep. But Doh'kein has other plans. Without any effort, he wraps his arms around your body and pulls you into his lap as he stands, taking you both to what you assume is the bedroom's bathroom.

He doesn't stop his purring as he walks and you're grateful for that, the sound is calm and light and makes you forget about the many problems you obviously need to face. You wouldn't waste energy on that at the moment, though. It wasn't something that was worth or would make any difference, to be honest. Apparently you are bonded to this creature, destined to be his mate or whatever. You are no longer on Earth and cannot even match your strengths and abilities with this creature. *Fighting it would be futile.*

You look down and touch your belly, marked by some bruises from his powerful grip, and wonder if the union had any success. If not, he might want to try again, just like he says. The thought curls warm and shaky at the bottom of your spine and you feel your face heat up as you discover that you would welcome more attempts.

You look at him from under your eyelashes as he enters the bathroom, leading you both to a huge bathtub - although, to you, the thing looks more like a swimming pool. As you watch him, you notice that the predator's face is as rough and scary as it always was, but when his beautiful orange eyes lower and look at you with such devotion and possession, it's impossible to control the tremor in your body.

On some level he is under your command too, you realize. He has been since the beginning, when he allowed himself to be captured and imprisoned just to chase your scent - the scent of *his* mate. Just the thought of it sends a thrill through you.

You feel his hands on your buttocks as he adjusts your body against his scaly skin, his other hand pressing a few buttons to make the tub fill. A shiver runs down your spine. He shows no sign of straining as he holds you, just keeps you steady and perched on his shoulder as much as you can with your dreadlocks falling loosely around his head. You feel his muscles flex beneath you.

Clutching you to his body, his release still leaking between your thighs, Doh'kein carefully steps into the tub and sits down, arranging you on his lap. You keep your head on his shoulder, feeling his rough hands squeezing your waist and hips, the hot water enveloping your muscles in the best way possible. He squeezes your flesh almost gently, sliding his fingertips instead of his claws. *He's massaging your bruises again*, you notice. With a tired sigh, you settle your head in the crook of his neck and you can swear his purr stutters for a second.

"Rest, little ooman. We have a long way to go." He grunts glumly and enigmatically, but you just hum some answer, already feeling your eyelids heavy and mind lethargic.

The last thing you think, still hearing his purring and his strange attempt at aftercare is that, *with some effort*, you could adapt to this new life.

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End Notes

The second part will be available soon!

Comments and kudos are greatly appreciated!

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